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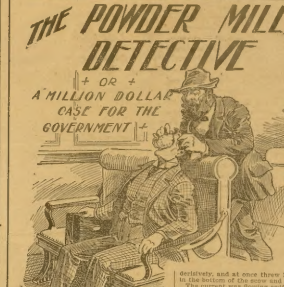
THE POWDER MILL DETECTIVE

OR A MILLION DOLLAR CASE FOR THE GOVERNMENT



BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER.

SYNOPSIS.

[The United States secretary of war, having reason to fear that Spanish agents are about to cause the destruction of the powder mill known as Wilton Mills, on Powder Creek, a tributary of the Delaware, to keep the mills in operation, employs Tim Dolan, a detective, to watch the mills. Tim's friend, Carl Cole, is employed at the mills, and Tim's sister Nora is engaged to Carl.]

CHAPTER IV.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE RIVER.

Tim had fired upon the detective.

Tim had fired upon the detective.

The report had scarcely died away when Carl fired in return.

A yell of pain from the giant told that he had been struck.

The leaden messenger had landed in the rascal's shoulder, inflicting an ugly but not dangerous wound.

Leaving the flat shanty, he turned away from the freight yard and took a path leading down to Willow River, several hundred yards away.

It is upon this stream that both River Bend and Laurel Bend are located. The river is not an extensive waterway, but is much used for transporting lumber and grain and also oil in tanks.

It was not an easy matter for Carl to follow Tim in the darkness, but he did it, although somewhat slowly.

Coming to the water's edge, the giant discovered a flat-bottom scow moored to the shore and without hesitation leaped aboard and threw off the painter.

When Carl reached the river the rascal was fifty feet from the shore.

"Stop, or I'll shoot ye full," came the command.

"Shoot an' be hanged to yez!" cried Tim, derisively, and at once threw himself down to the bottom of the scow and out of range.

The current was moving swiftly, and soon the scow drifted well past the spot where Carl stood.

The detective had not entered himself, so the giant had no change to fire a second time.

Glancing around, Carl soon found what he wanted, a light oarwheel.

It was not locked, but there were no oars.

Seizing the wheel, Carl bound for a rudder and began to steer the boat was following the scow down the current.

They moved along at about the same speed, until quite a distance had been covered.

In the darkness Carl could just see the giant.

He now began to use the board as a paddle.

The scow responded to the new motion, but when Carl attempted to turn it to the shore it refused to obey the rudder.

Tim was now nearing a string of barges which were in charge of the struggle.

Most of the barges were empty, but a few were piled high with tanks of oil and with lumber.

"I might as well land here," he thought. Getting away from Carl had not been so easy as anticipated.

He allowed the scow to bump up against the nearest barge and leaped for the latter.

He landed safely and then he said:

"I'd like for Carl an' Nora an' sez fire to dem tanks," he mused.

No sooner had the thought occurred to him that he determined to try to put it into execution.

He waited behind the tanks and picked out the one which he thought contained the most oil and the largest amount of kerosene.

Then he struck a match and applied it to the tank on the barges during transportation.

A few seconds passed and the match in his hand began burning the barge's side.

Then he heard Carl crawl up beside the oil tanks.

One swift, strong blow and it was all over.

A moment of suspense followed, broken when Tim made a rush forward.

Down came the iron bar, and the detective was struck senseless.

He fell between an oil tank and the side of the barge, and lay as though dead.

"Don't ye dare t' t'ch him," muttered the rascal, as he stepped forward to make sure of certain. Wait till I prove me case to de jidge."

He bent over Carl's body and took from the detective his money, his watch and also the two letters which had been given to Carl by the secretary of war.

That still power to do his job I did do dead all the same, Scales, give me a drink."

The brief movement of the sheriff was a fruitful one.

The barge flooring was, of course, saturated with oil.

To this he applied a lighted match.

There was a flaring up immediately, and, before Carl could, the flame made a headway that was unchecked.

Here he waited behind a clump of trees.

He saw a watchman running toward the barges attracted by the unusual noise.

"That fellow will suspect if he don't look out," said the giant, sarcastically. "I'll fix him."

The remainder of his words were swallowed up in the report of a pistol shot.

Loud and long out the terrified sound, and the darkness was lit up by a flash of lightning.

Then came a second explosion as another tank went sailing skyward.

The barge took fire immediately, turning the surrounding fruits luminous into daylight.

"He's a goner sure, now," muttered the giant, as he paddled rapidly away from the scene.

Not wishing to be seen in the neighborhood, he sculled along until the freight yard was left behind.

Then he bound for Washington and got safely aboard a train that is a couple of cars loaded with oil.

As the train began to pull out once more, Tim hopped aboard one of the timber cars.

Here he secreted himself as best he could, and lay quiet.

As soon as the city was reached he would hurry to the station and take the first train North.

He felt that he had done a big night's work, for the barges had been fired, and Carl flouted up to a hundred and eighty dollars.

"But with sixteen hundred an' eighty dollars in his pants he'll be minded," he mused. "An' I'll have to get me money back from him."

Nothing more was heard from the giant.

Feeling so "large," the giant could not help but crow himself, so he soon went further and treated everybody to sight at the saloon he visited.

A backman was present, and this man the giant engaged to carry him to where Carl lived.

"I'll make his alibi pay me be night," said the giant to himself. "An' I'll make de dust uv Washington from me feet. I ain't got no use for dis place, anyhow. I'll head slow agin New York."

The backman was glad that the rascal was so well supplied with money, for he knew that he would be well paid for his services.

He drove to the house where Carl lived, but when knocking could get no response.

Then the turmoil came to a halt before a large stone building in which a number of persons were employed, and their watchful guardsmen.

Alighting, Tim entered the building and mounted to the third floor, a light was streaming from under a rear door, and here he knocked in a peculiar manner.

"Who is there?" demanded a voice from within.

"Tim Sloper."

"Who, back already?"

The door was partly opened and the giant was allowed to enter the apartment.

It was a cozily-furnished place, evidently the abode of somebody who had money, several pictures had been hung in the room, and now all but one of these vanished like an optical illusion.

The one man who had met a fate of a like dividual whom the reader has met before.

It was Nathan Scales, the office to whom the secretary of war had entrusted the gov-

ernment's end of the powder mills' case.

CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING OF A MYSTERY.

"Well?" asked Scales, laconically, after he had locked the door again.

"De job is done," answered the giant, as he threw himself heavily into a Turkish easy-chair.

"No?"

"But it is just de same. Scales, give me a drink uv whisky, will you? Me throat's dat burnt up."

"Tim, are you sure of what you are saying?"

"Of course I am, Scales. I never yet got mixed up in a job, but I did it right. I don't have to say job or do it. Do tell you dat."

"Give me the particulars, but don't talk too loudly."

"I'll be wot me throat feel."

"Tim, there was forthcoming, and after devoting a big drink Tim felt like he could unbend to a degree from a box on a side table.

"Ain't very strong," he said, critically. "But I reckon it will do till I kin get back to New York."

After mend the cigar. Stone, tell me how it all turned out."

He was impatient and showed it now.

"Don't yez be in so hurry, Scales. I've been for a steady week now for de last eight hours, an' now I think I ought ter be allowed to take it easy like. All I claim is dat we don't do main thing."

"Tim, you're a trial, you know!"

"Scales, do I, or do I not, I earned every dollar o' dat thousand, twice over, I ask you? An' I'm shook his head in token of his assertion.

In a minute he settled down and told his story, with many little side frills of his own to embellish it, as he imagined here. It is needless to state that Scales listened with close attention.

"Sorry de letters I took from him," he concluded Tim, producing the documents.

"Let me have them!" cried Scales.

He sought to take them, but the giant held them back.

"Supposing you pay me dat t'ousand dollars, Scales?"

"Don't you worry about dose, if Coles is really dead you've earned the money."

"I want ter see de dough, I do," growled Tim.

"Allow me the letters and if they really belong to you the money will be your's."

"Is dat on de dead level?"

Scales actually laughed. Tim passed the documents over.

He could read but little, and supposed they were only ordinary communications from the secretary of war.

Scales read the letters his eyes brightened.

"Good, very good. Well, we'll see what comes of it now."

He turned again to the giant.

"One more proof, Stone, and the money is your's. Have you the letters Coles gave you?"

"I think so! Carl Coles' good watch and chain."

"Oh, confound, Keep it, if you've got it safely. Now, about the money."

Scales locked at both watch and chain which Tim now acted from when taking to Carl at the department.

"Here's the money," he said. "I reckon you've done a good evening's work. Tim, you're a valuable man."

He disappeared into the front room and was gone probably five minutes.

When he returned he handed Tim exactly new fifty-dollar bills.

"A thousand even money," he said. "Now the best thing you can do is to get back to New York and forget all about this affair, Tim."

"Dat's just wot I'm goin' ter do," answered Tim.

He took another drink, rammed several cigars into his vest pocket, and declared that he was ready.

"If yer wants me ag'in wire to Phil Rockey, on de Bowery," he paused long enough to wink, "I'll be sure ter get de news inside of a few hours."

"I remember that, Stone."

The door in the hall was opened and the giant passed outside.

Hardly was he gone than two men emerged from the inner apartment.

"Well, Gibson, what do you think of him?" cried one, Nathan Scales.

"Dat is just what I say," exclaimed another, whose face was flushed and who had a Spaniard.

"I don't want trouble in this house," answered Scales. "A row here might cause an alarm and spoil all."

"I'll speak to him an go after him!" the Spaniard blazed. "De devil man, he's taken a t'ousand dollars!"

"Right you are," said his companion. "Retire de Cuban."

"Will you go, too, Gibson?"

"I will."

So it was arranged, and the two men started out in pursuit.

They saw Tim get in line to see the rascal drive away in the cab.

They did not like another turnout and follow that," said Gibson.

Another cab was at the far off, and into this they climbed, both acting as if they were a couple of swells without a care in the whole world.

"Follow th' other hack, cabby," mumbled Gibson.

"Yes, sah," answered the colored man.

Away they rattled, doing well and then another.

Before the cab containing Tim came to a halt they were in the same line, and the giant got off and disappeared into a saloon.

Gibson and Conch Alonzo followed him out of sight behind a bill-board. A few words passed between the pair, and Gibson withdrawn upon Tim.

"Hello!" the latter said, extending his hand, familiarly.

"Stranger—I don't remember you," stammered Gibson.

"Don't you? I'm Jack Kannedy, from Brooklyn. I've met you before, but am glad to meet you again. I was just going for a drink. Come on."

The whisky in Tim was beginning to warm him up, and he was inclined to be companionable this seemingly off friend.

Gibson, who was a little hot on Gibson, introducing Cuzco. "He's a member of the Cuban exiard that is forming in Washington. Perhaps you've met him before."

"Quite ter whoop her up for freedom, eh?" laughed Tim. "Well, I'm right in a mood—but New York an' de Bowery is de place for me. I'm sick uv dis. I'll have a glass uv fine ale on beans not for a hundred cents a week."

They entered a low saloon and Gibson got 'em up" several times in succession.

The liquor passed to Tim was drugged, and soon he was as helpless as an infant in the hands of his companions.

"Now, what's to be done?" suggested Gibson. "I know a place where better liquor than this is sold."

"All right, dis whisky is bitter," he coughed him.

He did not suspect that it was the drugs made it so.

(Continued on second page.)

THE HERO OF THE PLAGUE.

The Pathetic Story of a Man Long Used to Prison and His Strange Conduct When Set at Liberty.

BY W. C. MORROW.

On a sweltering July day a long and unsunny shadow, stretching thirty feet upon the ground, crept slowly across the street to a leading fashionable hotel at a quiet summer resort. The sun was setting, and the slanting rays caused the shadow to assume the appearance of an anamorphotic of ludicrous proportions. It was a thin shadow—perhaps a shadow of strange and sinister significance.

The original of it was seeking at study. He was a short, stout, stoop-shouldered man; his hair was ragged and dusty; his beard straggling and coarse. His visible clothing consisted of a much be-patched pair of tan ore and worked with dust, a woollen shirt, a pair of badly soiled cotton trousers, brown mats of raw-hide strips fastened to his trousers with wooden pins, and the remainder of old boots, which turned high up at the toes like canoes (being much too large for his feet), and which had a tie up each.

The man's face was a protest against hilarity. Apparently, he had in the appurtenances of natural manhood, yet his whole expression would have at once aroused sympathy, for it was a mixture of childishness, helplessness, kindliness, and honesty. His look was that of a child, uncertain, and seemed to be seeking help for a friend—for the guidance of natures that were stronger and minds that were clearer. He could not have been older than thirty-five years, and yet his hair and beard were grey, and his face was lined with wrinkles. Occasionally he would make a movement as if to ward off a sudden attack.

He carried a knotty stick, and his ample trouser-pockets were filled to such an extent that they made him appear very wide in the hips and very narrow in the shoulders. Their contents were a mystery. The man's whole appearance was that of one coming down the monotonous pathway of his legs, and in doing this they performed a mechanical service.

"Hullo! Who are you?" gruffly demanded a porter employed in the hotel, as the disreputable-looking man was picking his way with slow steps up the broad, inviting entrance, afraid that his dusty boots would defile the white marble steps of the hotel.

"Baker," promptly replied the man, and looked once, coming to a halt and lowering his stick.

"Baker? Well, what's your other name?"

"Hiney."

"Yes, yours."

The questioner was evidently puzzled by the question. He looked vacantly for something until his gaze rested upon a glass chandelier above him; but, finding no assistance there, his glance wandered to an oriel, in which there was a caged mocking bird.

"Jess Baker—that's all," he answered, at last, in his thin voice and slow, earnest manner.

"Well, don't you know your other name?"

"No, I reckin not," said Baker, after a thoughtful pause. "I reckin it's Jess Baker—that's all."

"Didn't they ever call you anything else?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

Again Baker looked helplessly around until he found the chandelier, and then his eyes sought the ceiling. Then he started as if he had received a blow, and immediately looked at him and his asked:

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"What was it?"

"Number 6-0. One," he quietly said, looking at the porter with a shade of fear and suspicion in his face.

The porter inferred that a lunatic stood before him. He asked:

"Where are you from?"

"Hevings."

"What part of Georgia?"

Again was Baker at sea, and again did he seek the chandelier and the oriel.

"Don't be asked."

"Yes, you. What part of Georgia are you from?"

"Joss Georgy," he finally said.

"What do you want here?"

"Work, I tell you. I want you to hire me," he replied, with a faint look of expectancy. "Don't you hire me?"

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you."

"Oh, well, I'll tell you. Most everything."

He bore frightened children and fainting women in his strong arms.

Again was Baker at sea, and again did he seek the chandelier and the oriel.

"Make be asked."

"Yes, you. What sort of Georgia are you from?"

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"What do you want here?"

"Work, I tell you. I want you to hire me," he replied, with a faint look of expectancy. "Don't hire you do?"

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you."

"Oh, well, I'll tell you. Most everything."

"What salary do you want?"

"Wha?"

"Of course, you."

"Wha?"

"Oh, well, about five dollars a day, I reckon."

The porter laughed coarsely.

"You can't get more than about $1," he said, "and not the proprietor."

"Do you?" asked Baker.

"Yes, sah."

"Oh, ain't you?" and then he looked very much relieved indeed.

The porter had had sufficient amusement, and so he formulated, in a brusque and menacing tone, "Now, say—you get away from the front of the house, or I'll give you a taste of the proprietor."

Baker did not stir, but stood looking helplessly at the porter, surprised and grieved.

"Get out, I say, or I'll set the dogs on you!"

A look of deep mortification settled on Baker's face, and he turned slowly away, and said never a word except to glance quickly around for the dogs.

"Ain't you going, you orange of beast? If you don't, I'll lock you up and send for the sheriff!" and the porter pulled out the keys in his pocket.

Instantly a great horror overspread the pedestrian. Baker from Georgia. He looked around for the sheriff, and then his left hand laborer with such force that it sent him sprawling. He took a single step in the direction of agitation, and saw that no such encumbrance detained him. With a bound he was down the steps at the bottom of the stairs. His whole appearance was changed. Instead of a look of fear and horror, he now looked like a man once a fleeing wild beast that had broken the bars of his cage. He struck the ground with another bound, and gathered his strength for immediate flight from terrors without a name.

Baker was a fugitive from justice.

Many days' desert-drabbly-shaped as angle a shadow, and many nights of cold and discomfort, he might a dog that had been beaten until his spirit is broken. He bared his head and stood in the warm glow of the fading light, meek and submissive. All traces of fear had disappeared from his face, but he was no longer the Baker from Georgia. He was a man who had been in prison, and who greeted with relief the approaching shadow. He had sought a thing and had not found it—all but a refuge and rest—and was choked with dust. Even the rakish boots looked submissive, and shrunk together beneath its solemn acquiescence to an end. Even the stick seemed to have lost its power to offend.

The voice that had checked Baker had not a kindly tone. It was that of a gruff man, who believed that he had detected a fugitive in the act of making off with dishonest booty stowed in ample pockets. Yet he felt had a generous look, though angry mode his eyes bared. The two men surveyed each other in silence, and Baker saw in the face of one to give place to pity the other regarding him with mild doubting.

"Come along with me," said the gruff man to Baker.

Evidently Baker had heard these words before, for he followed quietly and tamely.

with his dusty suit but to the left hand and his head bowed upon his breast. He was a picture of despair. Then he straightened himself with a start and found him moving to-horizontally, with the feet with easier and his right hand pressing an inchoate something that weighed down his motive. They were now nearing the end of the hotel and Chief was to the rear when they came upon the first of the "Lucky Bill" saloons, of which there are seven in the city. Parker had been looking for something, and as the gentleman of the "Lucky Bill" came to the entrance of the hotel stepped near the post. Barker watched with sight as to his head. Then he dashed to the left or the right. Upon reaching the post he paused for a moment, and then he carried it in the left hand and his right hand pressed, shaped the paw-like appearance from the left. Then he raised his shot, pulled it over his head, and hid it in the bosom of his shirt. Then he hastily embraced the post and pressed his hands over it, as though he were afraid it should be taken from him. Then he walked on with a quickened step, but without looking back. Then he looked up suddenly and found that the gentleman of the "Lucky Bill" saloon had followed him and was standing on the other side of the post.

His naked back glistened white. It was a man on whom the sun had never shone, the bloody crossing of many years. Parker looked at him with pity. His head bled with the wounds of the lash, and his face was drawn and ashen and ridges and cuts that showed where the muscles had been torn and pale. He was a tall, quiet man, with the look of a student. He was the man to whom he was informed that that gentleman had been committed for a term of ten years.

"Is your partner very ill, doctor?" inquired the gentleman of the "Lucky Bill" in a certain drawl.

"He is very sick," said the doctor somewhat shortly.

"Will he recover, I hope?"

"I hope so," said the doctor, "I hope."

"Will you not have a drink, doctor?"

The physician had a secret of life and death to tell his friend, but the presence of friends of revenge, sagacity, patience, and, above all, of hope, kept him silent. And to whom he should impart it—he was the only physician in the city who knew of the secret—he did not know.

Doctor Baker had come, the physician told his friend, to help him to escape from the patient's room, brought him to the window, and let him down by means of a rope, then so that the light fell full upon his face.

"Baker, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Will you keep it for me?"

"Well, let me tell you about it; I don't know—"

"Will you keep it for me?"

"Have you ever seen people die?"

"Yes, doctor."

"A great many in the same house?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Have you ever seen a man bandaged on his head gently on the broad shoulder before the undertaker has come and screwed down on him so that the light fell full upon his face?"

"No, doctor."

"Baker, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Will you keep it for me?"

"Well, let me tell you about it; I don't know—"

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A Few Hints on the Household Interesting to My Lady.

Bread and milk tables are among the new nursery furnishings that commend themselves for reason of their practicability. They come in one or enameled wood, and consist of a child's low table with rim-a-ris sans, the three pieces held together at the bottom by a wood rail. The usual vexatious fall of the bread and milk from the children's face was prohibited by the use of the pretty and convenient bit of furniture, though the price is, it seems an unfair requiring consideration, for the bread and milk for children is served in the summer are the Indian cotton pieces of the same color as the embroidery on the dress, and so a little deeper shade of the appearance of a fine summer sheet. A pretty set of these is made of white lawn, accordioning the voyager or the great at the summer hotel. With a light parting hung over the doorway, the door may be left open to the breeze and yet be free from flies.

Current tee made of the fresh fruit is a beautiful color, and is frequently more acceptable than the cream. To prepare it, soak a tablespoonful of gelatine half an hour in enough cold water to cover it. Pour over it a pint of boiling water, and add one pint of granulated sugar, and the juice of two lemons, one of cold water and the juice of one lemon. Strain and set away.

The muslin skirts and blouses which are now making their appearance have no lack of elaborate workmanship. The tiniest, almost invisible tucks are run in groups of three, with wide inches of plain muslin between the tucks, and decorating every available portion of the waist. Insertion of lace is liberally dowing the muslins are spread or gathered into the belt, and the fullness is further disposed of by a ribbon sash, which is tied in a bow at the back. The crush belt of ribbon is also a favorite adjunct to the white muslin skirt, and is worn with a white muslin blouse.

A silk petticoat for summer wear is made of black taffeta, with a deep flounce of white silk, embroidered open work scallops with a narrow ruffle of white lace at the edge of the evening wear; but to accompany dinner dresses of colored silk, the skirt is of the same color and pattern as the dress. It is the correct thing to wear white or colored stockings now with low white, open shoes and sash-gear leather boots and shoes in open weaves. The open work stockings and hose are an absolute necessity when silk dresses are worn, and are considered in good taste.

An old Catskill squeeze made of plums and sugar is made thus: Take equal parts of a little water and cook with the plums, allowing none of the juice to escape. This is sometimes especially agreeable to many palates.

Popular additions to the list of "new but not heirlooms" are a few pieces of pressed pineapple, fresh or engraved, and one or four preserved or brandied cherries or a slice of orange to decorate it.

In making jelly it must be borne in mind that the fruit should be just ripe, but not before. If overripe much of the jelly will not clear, while the tendency of sugar to granulate is also increased.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing soda dissolved in a quart of boiling water make an excellent disinfectant for the kitchen sink, pipes, and waste pipes.

A good rule for the boiling of currant jelly when boiling is to let it drop from a spoon. If the last drop sticks to the spoon it is sufficiently hard.

For canning, pickling and preserving, keep a supply of special china and bakers ware. Metal utensils are not to be used.

A little kerosene mixed with the lard to keep it from sticking to the pan when frying for the summer is said to prevent it.

Fancy yokes, guimpes or collarettes are everywhere in evidence on new summer gowns. Some of the most dainty are formed of sheer batiste or nun's veiling, and are worn over the fitted linings, with insertions of lace and embroidery.

CHILDRENS WARM WEATHER FROCKS.

and gentlemen edging of Valenciennes lace, and the also sleeve cuffs or middle frills of the lace and the same trimming.

The large, very much frilled berthas or yokes of material are a feature of the fall and will continue to be conspicuous features of summer fashions. The separate yoke is by known as the Marie Antoinette yoke, and is made of the finest dressy cotton, often genuine lace and embroidery. The full elbow sleeve—also associated with the French Queen—will be worn with the pretty yoke company.

Some of the prettiest gowns made by famous modistes have the sleeves cut in one piece with the yoke, and the whole gown profusely trimmed in ribbon to correspond with the flutter at the bottom with a broad bow and a few bands. The waist has long, close sleeves and a gathered or elegant embroidery, or sometimes the gathers is omitted and a Marie Antoinette frill is the only decoration on the cuff. A similar frill of the organdie trimmed with lace finishes the neck.

The new cut for straight all around are equally as fashionable as those arranged in curve waistlines as they are carried from to the back of the skirt. The latter style is

HER LOOKING GLASS.

BY EDMUND DAY.

How often doth this bit of glass,
That hangs above the wash-stand case,
Reflect both sweet and winning smile,
When like the meadows lighted her face.

Ah, this bit of broken glass,
Where now my beauteil face I see,
I'd gladly take my place for one
If it'ld reflect it as it does me.

A CASE OF AMNESIA.

The Strange Story of One Who Forgot Who He Was, and What Happened.

BY GEORGE E. ATKIN.

I was sauntering on a corner in the hot room of the Union Square Turkish baths, when one of the attendants crossed me and warned me that I was staying too long in the extreme heat. I followed his advice, and, taking another part of the room, sat down on a bench to cool off and then dress. Another man sat on the plunge. The cold water did not clear my head, and I confess that I had fallen into a doze on my way into the fresh air. So I went into one of the dressing rooms, and undressed as quickly as possible, and then took the ticket I had with the number of my locker and asked for clothes when he departs his valuables with the man and then put in his hand a neat pocket-getting me, in return, a wretched fit. Then I went out and drew a hack for the Astor House, and drove a half hour or more from the baths.

In a very few minutes I realized that it does not pay to stay half an hour in a temperature of a hundred and forty degrees, and I decided to try to walk off the effects of the heat.

For this end I reached the Plaza, found it still fanned, and entering the restaurant, had some dinner and enjoyed a bottle of Guinness' stout. Then I leaned back in my chair and read the papers. I was in the semi-conscious condition of a man who has had a good dinner, and who has been reading the daily news for an hour or more, when my exact feelings, yet I remember that I thought that I was suffering from an overdose of Turkish bath and a surfeit of wine.

Making a great effort to pull myself together, I left the Plaza, and walked down the driveway to the Fifth Avenue entrance. It was a very rainy day. Looking out, I saw what seemed to be a cab on the fences higher than the other one. It was a hansom instead of a cab, and mounted on the right leg shorter than the left. As I had no umbrella, I decided to take the hansom to walk to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I was then living, especially if continued rain should make the pavements unpleasant.

Ribbonless Gowns.

The ruched and flatfinished thin dresses are made without ribbons, and have only little frills of the material. A toilet of the kind is made of embroidered muslin, the full skirt lined with a full blouse, the front and back of which are ruched with a narrow frill of the and the fullness caused by the ruching is drawn in slightly at the waist and securely held by a narrow band of the material. A series of narrow "pinched" frills at the neck and sleeves finish the waist. The full sleeves terminate over the shoulder and are ruched.

The skirt is gored with seven full breadths, and is ruched at the bottom and at the lower edge of the front breadth. The ruched ruffles are set between the seams, and have a heading of the material.

The collar and cuffs are of organdie, the former being ruched and edged with a full ruching of the organdie, which is also used for the cuffs. The crush belt of ribbon is also a favorite adjunct to the white muslin skirt, and is worn with a white muslin blouse.

Suddenly the terrible truth dawned on me that I did not know

to an Arizona stocking; for almost seven days I had been wearing a stocking that was not my own. Where was my stocking? Had I left it in the bath-room? Had I left it in the elevator? Had I left it in the cab? Had I left it in the hansom? Had I left it in the street? Had I left it in the gutter? Had I left it in the sewer? Had I left it in the river? Had I left it in the bay? Had I left it in the ocean? Had I left it in Europe? Had I left it in Asia? Had I left it in Africa? Had I left it in Australia? Had I left it in the moon? Had I left it in the sun? Had I left it in the stars? Had I left it in the milky way? Had I left it in the universe? Had I left it in the infinite? Had I left it in the eternal? Had I left it in the absolute? Had I left it in the unconditioned? Had I left it in the relative? Had I left it in the subjective? Had I left it in the objective? Had I left it in the noumenon? Had I left it in the phenomenon? Had I left it in the ego? Had I left it in the non-ego? Had I left it in the identity of indifference? Had I left it in the absolute subject-object? Had I left it in the absolute reason? Had I left it in the absolute spirit? Had I left it in the absolute idea? Had I left it in the absolute will? Had I left it in the absolute good? Had I left it in the absolute truth? Had I left it in the absolute beauty? Had I left it in the absolute religion? Had I left it in the absolute science? Had I left it in the absolute knowledge? Had I left it in the absolute? Had I left it? Had I left? Had I? Had? I? Where? Where was my stocking? Where was my stocking? Where was my stocking

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

28 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Wednesday

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It may be of interest to "Ian Cathi" to know that Conair Watson is preparing for a visit to the god wazers of the dark blue sea.

Yale has conferred the degree of doctor of laws upon Admiral Schley. He probably refers to the president's service in defeating the celebrated "Mc-Kinley law."

Admiral Sampson's daughter is to marry a naval officer stationed at Francisco. The old sea dog will be able to send them home on a ship that never should proclaim neutrality.

In an improved balloon the basket is carried in the form of a ring, which is mounted on a rolling around the basket, inclose it in the manner of a wheel, rolls to support the aeronaut if one cell should collapse.

The Czar of Russia, as the story runs, has in his household an unfortunate, singular character. He apparently likes to shave himself at the windows of railway carriages when the general company does not wish to disturb himself.

A Rochester, New York man is seeking to marry a woman who is a stranger to him. He has advertised for a wife, and has received a number of answers. He will choose the woman who, in his opinion, has made the most sensible reply to the question, "Why do you want to get married?" Perhaps the man has made up his mind that he wants a woman who can answer a question.

Prince is revealing a remarkable instance of the increase of cosmopolitanism in the metropolis. He has discovered that, while only eighty-four applications for divorce were made in that city last year, seven have found Lisa dissatisfied enough to apply for a divorce in the past year.

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A good example of Spanish gunnery was the case of the Spanish cruiser Spaniards in the Morro trained a ten-inch gun on the Spanish cruiser and sent both the breech. The chief gunner was decapitated by the first shot, and seven wounded. With Americans hitting Spaniards and Spaniards hitting themselves it is hard to see just what changes the situation.

What is to become of Cuba when this war is ended? Will it become a United States colony, or will it become a republic of its own? Will it be a semi-independent state, or will it be entirely free and independent? Will it be under the control of the native people? What will it be and what shall it be? What congress ordered to be the part of wisdom to do? These questions as to Cuba, and the national legislature discussed in the press and will be discussed before long in the halls of congress. But determination of these questions is not to be left to the fate of inter-development. It will depend upon the fact that they are incapable of maintaining a free and stable government. They have proved to be incapable of defending their liberties from domestic tyrants, and of upholding and supporting a free government, the history of which is a record of almost constant tyranny and endless the rest, and would be entertaining. Spain for Spanish despotism and the Cuban people would not be free. Spain for Spain has had waged the blood we had shed, the money we had spent, and the war we was we had feared. We cannot permit this war to be so rushed. We have started it to make the Cubans free people and free they must be if we have a certain jurisdiction over the island in order to allow their free government. In the light of what we know of the Cuban character, and the bitter and cruel contests of that people for freedom from rule, it is the duty of the United States, their territorial, and their patriotism, to be deemed impossible to leave any considerable number of them guilty of the atrocities of barbarism, or forward to be their correspondents at the close of the present struggle for self-government, and bad faith should prove true, they would not be able to be in order no more to be trusted with the functions of government than General Weyler. Believing that the Cubans have been slandered and maligned believing them capable of preserving their own liberties among themselves and discharging their obligations toward their neighbors, we should still be prepared to reckon with them as an independent people, but back to civilized oppressive, and incompetent to live properly in an independent state, in case we should find it necessary.

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SYNOPSIS.

Blake Crosson, a Texas gold-hunter, in company with one Sheppard, discovers a letter in Spanish which tells of a hidden treasure in the mountains which is guarded by his daughters, Jeanne and Ruth. Sheppard, who is a rascal, kills the owner of the letter, Don Diego, and tries to get away with the treasure, but is set upon by Indians. Blake Crosson and the Apaches are on the warpath, and "Red" Raymond is sent to negotiate with them the party to warn them. He is taken prisoner by the Indians and carried to their quarters with one of his pockets filled with dynamite. He is bound to a tree, and the Indians are about to set the wedding him on the tassels. He overhears Sheppard and Blake Crosson. The latter is fatally wounded, and goes for assistance. Ruth Crosson and Ned Raymond hasten back. Crosson, Jeanne and Raymond go to the mountains to find the treasure. Sheppard and Ruth follow. Sheppard starts to Phoenix in the Crosses' buggy, and Ruth and Ned go on horseback. By working the mine Crosson becomes rich. After seven years Raymond appears and asks for work. While working in the mine Raymond finds a diamond and a chief cannon he discovers Don Diego. Before being rescued from the mine Raymond overhears Philip of Hungary, who was his father. Jeanne admits her love for Ned, but tells him she cannot. Philip probably refers to the president's service in defeating the celebrated "Mc-Kinley law."

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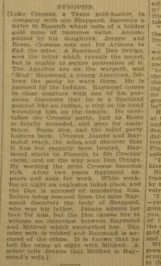

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CHAPTER XV.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Don Crispo's nature is complex in its villainy. He is a man of many moods, and he is not always the same kind of a villain. Wholly devoid of honor, he yet seeks to maintain a certain dignity in the role of his chivalric nature. He is persistent in his efforts to secure the treasure of Crosson and Crosscrete, in his own peculiar way. He is not above using a bad act to gain his ends.

"You have missed bullies, because it dazzled you at the moment," he said, as he thought I took it," remarks Raymond. "Senor Don Crispo, I am sorry that I am compelled to kill you, but I can see no explanation in this particular case, will, I hope, suffice. Now, if you will kindly excuse me, sir, as the fun and have a word with the senorita."

Raymond turned his back upon the old man, and, with one of the window-curtains with his knife, he cut off a piece of the cloth and began to make a sign to the senorita. The Don, all the time, and I never suspected that he was on the alert. Raymond I'm powerful sorry for this—I am, for a fact," he said, as he turned to face him. He was in error and he is ready to confess it and ask your forgiveness."

"Have you no word for me?" she pleads, as she turns to Raymond. "Surely you will not go away without a word?" he is Raymond's cool reply, as he starts for the door. "Senorita, you are free from this moment and if the hand of adios isn't extended to you, it is not my fault."

He overtakes Jeanne not a single inch, and, after a few words, he is in the arms of his sweetheart and daughter.

"Where is Ned, Jeanne?" he asks, "I know he is safe."

But no given her no heed. In a moment she is sobbing on her father's breast, and he, hurrying at his side as he strides on.

SYNOPSIS.

Barbara Allen, the beautiful daughter of a Virginia clergyman, is the promised bride of Jack Dorsey, a wealthy young gentleman of the same village. Wishing to be sent to college with her sister, Kitty, and Dick Moore, Kitty's lover, Barbara elopes with Douglas, almost a stranger to her, and they are married. She refuses to get Barbara to return home with him. Barbara returns her husband's letters in the hands of Dick Moore, who is wounded by Douglas in a duel. Barbara, who has gone to Richmond to attend certain festivities, is taken home. Kitty receives the news that Dick was in about to be tried for the murder of Douglas. She gets the letter, Barbara's all lower, to attend the recital which gives him the appearance of having been written by Dick. Under this a truce, the coffin supposed to contain his body being weighted with lead. Kitty and the doctor declare everything, but the coffin believed to contain the remains of Dick is buried. Dick is rescued from the burning house by Larry, who when he finds that Douglas is dead, takes charge of Barbara's children. Mr. Marshall, who seemingly weak and decrepid old man, and all go to the village of Pine Burst, the home of the Douglas'. Barbara and Kitty go to Pinehurst to visit the aunt for a visit. John Douglas, the head of the family, is a cripple and cripple death, and is found by all old servant, Uncle Jack. Dorsey is a hospital. The doctor says he will take the news to Pinehurst. Dorsey and Kitty arrive at Pinehurst, and Dorsey and the baby go to a place near there. Barbara becomes acquainted with Mr. Marshall, who is in love with Miss Mr. Marshall then tells her that he and he meets her. She recognizes him as Dick Barbara conceives that Dick and Douglas whom she marries is the one who has a wife there. Dick and Kitty are in the woods. Jack Douglas returns to Pinehurst. Barbara goes to Kitty's home but to tell Barbara. Kitty returns to Douglas carrying an insensible woman through the chapel. The former is thankful about Larry. Dorsey returns to Pinehurst. It is now known that Jack Douglas of Pinehurst is the man who married Barbara.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE GRATORY.

That year was the first time that Kitty Dorsey had been to church without Miss Betty to sit by her when she and Dorsey came in from Sunday.

"Kitty, I've been waiting for you Sunday after Sunday for my sermon, and you've never come," she said, reproachfully. "Don't you know that I'm a preacher?"

With the grace of a little queen Dorsey bowed and smiled, and the sermon began. But at last it was her good fortune to see, through the open door, the beautiful face of Barbara Douglas, and the sermon was little more than a song and absolute nonsense after that. Barbara's beautiful countenance, for which he was noted, even grandiloquently, was the inspiration of the impassioned moment.

Then Barbara came to say that her aunt wished to see Dorsey and Kitty at the satisfaction of seeing them go away together.

Kitty's heart was so light and Dorsey's so heavy that they could not help but see Dorsey's utter unsuitability as a husband. Face alone with his old time rollicker. As the children of the family gathered in consensus, now and then, of Colonel Douglas' various and her face was flushed with blushing them scarcely. It seemed to her that Dorsey was more than ever the man she had wanted to be, except that he was while face she had seen there.

Dorsey was seemingly happily slightly, much to the envy of Ben, who reckoned that he be amused to speak and was in the thought of meeting. His feet seemed to have matched the melody of the music so lively, and he felt that the sermon was a success. He was glad that Barbara was a creature to be envied, so transformed were his hands. He thought of dinner as some men think of death.

Larry, who was accustomed to behaving as he said, as he knew how it, for the society, was not embarrassed now by the latter, and he was glad that Kitty was not in the least, for her way was always to be natural at all and so his manner was natural and Dorsey was hardly himself then he.

After a time when Kitty spoke of the family bible she had eaten at the college, Dorsey was glad to see how the color of veneration, and, the ice broken, as was natural.

It was at the dinner table that Mr. Douglas, being pleased with the young people's good manners, especially Larry's, rose and dare take the party to the chapel and give them some music.

"It is so far away that it cannot harm you to walk there," he said, "and perhaps you would like the organ to be played for you, and it will while away the afternoon."

Jane, being naturally good-natured in a pleasure, manifest sort of way, consented to exert herself in the extent of playing, and so the party started.

Miss Betty always welcomed what pleasure the boys enjoyed it all, brought a box for their guitar and asked Dorsey if he'd come up to the tower.

"They will like it there," he is a glimpse of the ocean," she said.

Colonel Douglas had given up of the room before Miss Betty had brought her box, and Dorsey followed him at the first mention of chapel, and he seemed to her that a change passed over his face.

"I am afraid I have not seen Jack," he said. "Not yet. I have been waiting for Dorsey. If he thinks best I will go and speak to see the poor fellow." And Miss Betty started and Kitty knew that the uncle and considerate she considered the best thing to do was to go and see Jack and probably reconsider his decision to keep the good woman know.

The church was close when they went down, and the afternoon sunlight streamed across the altar through the open door, and at the one window above it.

Then the organ began and been built it was necessary to change the tower stairs, which were now on the outside of the church. Kitty, who had never been there, how it seemed to be a sort of landing, or a much wider and longer step.

When they reached the chapel they found the stairway closed at the back of the organ not by a strong, new oaken door that was different from the other wood work.

"I think the stairway was open to the tower," Dennie said, trying the knob. "It seems to me that a curtain used to hang where the door is. Do you remember, Jane?"

"I think so," Jane said, indifferently, and Dennie held the food grass aside.

"I'm going to see," she said, and Kitty had pressed on a handkerchief. It was not quite fresh, and a soft gray dust, such as gathers in unused rooms, fell from it. In one corner, in simple interest, Kitty had embroidered the initials "J. D." Neither of them remembered — here that Kitty had dropped on the floor.

When Dennie entered the sick room Doctor Benson was there. The little doctor was feeling his pulse.

"He is going to get well," he said.

"I hope so."

"There is certainly a change for the better."

"I thought so."

"You, but Dennie, I am troubled. Come with me. I have been doing a little work on detective work. Talk about physicking sick folks! I'm a regular old milk. I tell you it has taken it out of me."

"Indeed?"

"What is the searching out of remote causes for the disease of a patient? Why, it's like looking for water with a witch."

Doctor Dunning's face showed some effect of amusement.

"You are the last man I should have suspected of—"

"Of detective tendencies? Yes, but I've been doing a little work on the sly myself. I've found some evidence which would have been scared up by the fates, I've no doubt, but I've had things my own way, which suits fad to doing."

Benson wondered if the doctor had found Dick a scandalous character. Could it be possible that he was not the man he had supposed? Could he be a worthless fellow, despite such a poor one that even the cruel Douglas had honored and was best when through it. This idea was strengthened by the little doctor's next words.

"Miss Betty has been selling off some of her bed and other things, and when I looked after them the plaintiffs' son's wife, Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, was there. You remember Mrs. Goodwin, don't you, there to attend—"

"I do not see there that you discovered—"

"I am glad you are following me. Yes I am. I have found out that Goodwin has been there yesterday. The affair is having a little trouble, and I'm sorry for the poor fellow. The other is sold off, and I like him. There's an excellent old man, also. Now, I've found out the small pieces together—did the nurse tell you?—and I am to wait until Jack wakes to see Dorsey."

Doctor Benson turned into the room and sat down.

"He looks like a baby, Dennie. An iron constitution. Well, as I was saying, I've found out no one over Goodwin had power, went kept out of sight, but I've done it. Mrs. Goodwin is the one who is sorry Jack shown no signs of waking."

CHAPTER XXVI.

KITTY'S ADVENTURE.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

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Without a cry or moan, she sank down to the floor

FIRST TROUBLES.

Little man, little man,
With your little trousers blue,
I wish that I were happy,
My little man, like you.
Is there ever anything in life,
That gives such pleasure true
As this first pair of trousers,
So stunning and so new.

Little man, little man,
You with sturdy stride and bold,
Pray have you seen my baby boy?
He passed this way, I'm told.
His little dress is fresh and white,
His clustering curls are gold—
He's naught else but a baby,
For he's but three years old!

Little man, little man,
Why, can it really be?
When I ask if you've seen him,
You say that you are he?
You, with your stride and trousers
And magic pockets three?
'Tis quite hard to believe it,
You look so strange to me. —Life.

BELLA'S COUSIN.

Clarence Kittredge Warned His Sister That Her Nose Would Be Put Out of Joint.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"There ain't any reason for your thinking you know more than anybody else this side of the earth," Bella's younger brother Clarence was wont to say to her, with the startling openness of his thirteen years. "You've got the biggest head I ever saw on any girl, and they've all got 'em."

In truth, Bella's best friends were obliged to confess that she did have a way of looking at things from rather a superior point of view. There were reasons. She was seldom lower than Number Two in her class in the High school. She played the piano a good deal, and the violin a little. She could beat any of the girls and some of the boys at tennis, she rowed a boat very well, and she was more at home on her bicycle than any of the girls in her "set," and there were ten of them who possessed wheels and rode enthusiastically. All of which helped on her conviction that she was cleverer than girls in general.

But when it came to her treating after a patronizing fashion their visiting cousin, Lucy Tillinghast, Clarence rebelled.

"Now, see here," said he, the first time he caught his sister alone, "I should think you might drop your airs for once, Bella Kittredge. You might let your nose down two or three inches—"

"Clarence!" Bella remonstrated.

"I guess Lucy Tillinghast knows just as much as you do," Clarence averred. "Stands to reason, don't it? She's from a bigger town, and she's been to Europe and Florida, and her father's got the rocks"—Bella was abstractedly humming—"and I'll just bet she's up to snuff. She's quiet, but she looks as if she knew a lot. You talk to her as if she couldn't say boo to a goose, but you'd better look out. I just bet you'll get left."

"I do wish, Clarence," said Bella—with no perceptible lowering of her nose—"that you wouldn't be so horribly slangy."

She found she could beat her cousin at tennis without half trying, and when Lucy tried to row on the pond she spattered water freely. Bella began to compassionate her, and she did not conceal it.

"If you only rode a wheel," she said, "you'd have a lots better time here. All us girls ride."

"I"—Lucy began, but Bella was full of her subject.

"Next Monday," she said, "we're going to have some races. Two of them, the boys and girls separately; the girls' will come first. Some of our mothers don't approve, but Colonel Boynton has persuaded them to let us. He's enthusiastic about bicycling, and he said the girls ought to have a race as well as the boys. He's got lots of people to subscribe for the prizes, and they're lovely. Twelve boys are going to race, and ten of us girls. It's only a mile-and-a-half race, from the soldiers' monument to Brompton's Corner and back. It's too bad you can't ride, Lucy."

Lucy murmured something. She was half a head shorter than Bella, and darker. Bella grew by degrees into a species of superciliousness regarding her cousin.

"She hasn't any accomplishments," she said to Clarence, after two days' of Lucy's visit. "You can say what you like—I think

ALL AT ONCE SHE GREW AWARE THAT SOMEBODY WAS SPINNING ALONG AT HER SIDE.

she's very ordinary!" And she escaped before Clarence could fire back his warm retort.

Indeed, she found it hard thereafter to bestow any part of her attention upon her young visitor. She could think of nothing but the great, the fascinating event of Monday, nor talk of anything else, and the girls ran in at all hours of the day to discuss it with her. And Bella fell into the way of remarking with careless abstraction, "My cousin, Miss Lucy Tillinghast,"—and then forgetting her.

Monday morning was bright and clear. Bella, in her trig tan suit and a fetching cap with two white feathers in it—Bella, thrusting in a hat-pin before her bed-room glass, saw a swarm of the girls come wheeling down the road, and sped down the stairs, snatched her waiting wheel, and was off in their midst.

It was truly exciting. The green space around the Soldiers' monument was filled with people. The town had turned out. Some carried flags. Colonel Boynton and two other gentlemen wore red flowers in their coats; they were to decide the race and present the prizes.

Bella's heart beat high. Everybody believed that she would win the race, and she believed it, too. Why not? She was the best rider among the girls by all odds, and she was quick-witted and cool-headed. She turned sparkling eyes upon the waiting assemblage.

"Where is your cousin?" Maggie Davis asked suddenly. And Bella gave a little gasp.

"I forgot her. I never thought a thing—there she is now, with Clarence. He's brought her." And Bella's conscience ceased to smite her.

Some of the girls were making trial turns up and down the road, and they grew venturesome. Alice Keene, confident in her powers, took too short a turn too close to the gutter, and took a sudden tumble. She was up instantly. But the next moment she sat down, grasping her foot and looking pale. She had twisted it painfully.

They all gathered around her. The race

She ran to her and grasped both her hands.

was to be called in ten minutes. What should she do? She sat there limp and helpless. Her hurt was nothing serious, but it was quite enough to forbid her going into the race. "I could just cry!" she declared, and a despairing hot tear did ooze out.

Bella's cousin Lucy was among the crowd about her; and when after a few minutes it had somewhat dispersed, she lingered. "It's too bad," she murmured, in pity.

"It's wretched!" Alice answered. "I didn't expect to win, for we're all sure Bella will, but I wanted to try. I wish you could ride, you could take my wheel and go into the race."

The bright, dark eyes of Bella's cousin flashed back a ray into Alice's gloomy ones. An odd little smile quivered around her mouth. "May I?" she said. An instant eagerness had seized her.

"Why, of course," Alice responded, with a fervor as great. "I didn't know you could ride. Why, Bella said you couldn't."

Lucy Tillinghast laughed a little. She looked at Alice's wheel, newly polished, handsome, irresistibly tempting. She seemed to be struggling with herself. Her breath came faster. She looked at Alice, who was talking to her now earnestly and urgently. She looked at the falling, the inspiring throng. And she looked again at the shining wheel.

"Would it be fair?" she questioned.

"Of course it would! It's a free-for-all," said Alice.

Ten minutes more, and Colonel Boynton rose up. He waved his hand. At the signal the girls lined up, and stood waiting, their hands on their handle-bars, ready and alert. Then the colonel, whose whole heart was in it, shouted "Go!" in a tremendous voice—and they were off.

Bella sped in an unswerving line, keen of eye and strong of foot. She was not surprised, after she had gone forty rods, to find that so soon she was distancing the others. She had expected it. Already the thrill of triumph stirred in her heart. She had made as great speed as this many a time, for the fun of it. Fences flew by, and trees and houses. She knew no fear and no timidity. She felt as if she were speeding on the wings of the wind.

All at once, absorbed though she was she grew aware that somebody was spinning along quite at her side. She would not turn to look, she she was sure it was Maggy Davis. Nobody but Maggy Davis could have done it; for the distance to Brompton's Corner was two-thirds gone, and all the others were distinctly behind. She was astonished at Maggy. She had hoped to win the race easily, but she might have to work a little for it. She put more force into her pedaling. But the other gained upon her. Was she ahead of her? It could not be. Yet it was. Maggy Davis was leading her.

Bella felt a spasm of sharp apprehension. Of amazement and of fright. If Maggy Davis should beat her—her! It couldn't be; it should not! They were almost at the corner. She flashed her first full look at the girl who was speeding on before her.

She could hardly believe her eyes. For it was not Maggy Davis. Who was it? She was certain, at first, that she had never seen the girl before. And then her feet faltered on the pedals, her hands all but lost their grasp of the handle bar. It was her cousin—her cousin Lucy Tillinghast—who was flying along ahead of her on a bicycle; who was turning around at the corner in trim style, and whirling back on the homeward course, her loosened hair floating behind her, her shining eyes fixed intently straight ahead of her.

That moment of stunned astonishment was fatal to Bella. She gathered up her benumbed and scattered wits, and made the Corner, and was back on the home stretch. But she had lost a full quarter of a minute, and that was decisive. She knew it. She knew that all effort was hopeless now.

She wheeled back. She met the other girls, in a rushing bunch, and they passed her on the return trip, but she did not mind it. The race was won, and Lucy Tillinghast had won it. Her cousin Lucy Tillinghast!

She got back to the Soldiers' monument somehow. She judged that Lucy had been at the goal for a full minute. She sat on the grass, hot-cheeked and breathless, and in the center of a chatting throng.

Excitement prevailed. The boys were swinging their hats and shouting. All the small children squealed. Colonel Boynton and the other judges were trying to make their way to the winner, their cordial and congratulatory pleasure quite overtopping their surprise at her identity.

But the little victress was looking about expectantly, seeming deaf to the flattering hubbub. When she saw Bella, she ran to her, and grasped both her hands.

And then, after all, she could not speak. Impulsive tears shone in her eyes, and her lips trembled.

"What will you think of me?" she faltered at last. "Oh, Bella, I don't know why I did it. What did make me? But Alice Keene couldn't ride, you know, and she offered me her wheel and wanted me to ride. And—and it was such a dreadful temptation, for you know, Bella, you—you took it for granted that I couldn't do anything. I tried to tell you I rode a wheel, that time we were talking of it, but you didn't give me a chance. You thought of course I couldn't. And so when Alice Keene couldn't ride, I thought"—she gazed up at her cousin pleadingly.

Bella could only stare back at her. "But oh, Bella!" Lucy cried, "I didn't dream of getting the race. I didn't think of that, not for one minute. I only did it to show you I knew how to ride pretty well. I never should have done it if I had thought I was going to win. Never! I didn't mean to. I ought to have stopped, but I was going so fast, and—and—"

Guilt and remorse and misery mingled in her tearful face. There was not the least doubt of her sincerity. She was most unhappy because the race was her own.

Bella continued to look at her. Then she looked around at the crowd. None of them knew it all. It was known, however, that the winner was Bella's cousin, and that that singular young person was sorry she had won the race simply because Bella had been thereby disappointed. And the belief strengthened the growing admiration for the accomplished stranger. The boys cheered louder and the children halloed the more.

Bella saw Clarence standing near, and she caught his eye. He wore a queer expression. He was smiling, and that smile expressed more than volumes of words could have done. And it was that look which roused Bella to action—which brought to a head the impulses that had been warmly surging within her for the last five minutes.

"Lucy," she said, firmly, "I am glad of it. I'm glad you won the race. It served me just exactly right. I've taken it for granted all the time that—that you didn't know anything—Clarence said so—and this is just what ought to have happened! And I'm glad, and everybody, and—and we'll talk it all over by and by!"

For at heart Bella was the right kind of a girl. It was only that circumstances had come near to spoiling her.

Bella had an informal little party that afternoon. It was for all the boys and girls who had raced, nominally, but really it was in honor of her cousin Lucy Tillinghast. She was the chief object of interest, she and her handsome prize, which was a camera. They all liked her and admired her. They thought her "cute" and bright and loveable. It was a foregone conclusion that she would be very popular thereafter.

They all sat on the grass of the front lawn and ate cake and drank lemonade and talked over the events of the morning.

"The loveliest time I ever had!" said Lucy, when the last of them had hardly departed.

"The loveliest you have had here, I know," Bella answered, with contrite meaning. "But it shan't be the last, Lucy."

"Good!" said Clarence, whose behavior had been the noblest. Who had said "I told you so" only once, and thereafter had refrained from remarks of twitting and exulting nature. "Good for you, Bella!"

Luminosity in Plants.

Many instances have been recorded of flowers being luminous at night. They only seem to do this on rare occasions, hence they are to be envied who have the good fortune to witness the phenomena. Though the writer has often endeavored to get fortune's favor, she has never smiled on him but once when he saw the phosphorescent glow from fungi in a hollow tree, just like the glow of a match when rubbed in the dark. A German naturalist, Herr Haggren, seems to have met with a number of instances in his country—or rather the night-watchman he employed did. He concludes the phenomena is more likely to occur when it is dark after rain following a sunny day. July and August gave the most instances. Occurrences began soon after sunset, and there were none after dawn. He could not decide on the cause of the luminosity.

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Lonesome Prospect.

"Did you ever tell a lie, mamma?"
"I am afraid I have, Arthur."
"Did papa ever tell a lie?"
"I expect he did."
"Did Aunt Hattie ever tell a lie?"
"Why, Arthur, what do you ask so many questions for?"
"Oh, I was thinking how lonely George Washington and I would be in heaven."

Vicarious Atonement.

"Yes," she sighed, "for many years I've suffered from dyspepsia."

"And you don't take anything for it?" her friend asked. "You look healthy enough."

"Oh," she replied, "it's my husband that has it."

TIPPOO'S STORY.

The Queer Tale That an Elephant Told to Curious Willie.

Willie is the name of this little boy, and Tippoo is the name of the big elephant. Tippoo lives at the zoo in New York, or some other place, and they say that he is very old. It's hard, sometimes, to tell how old an elephant is, for they have no rings on their trunks to tell by, as trees have, nor any rings on their horns, as cows have. Willie is only six years old, and he lives near the zoo, and is very fond of visiting Tippoo, who loves him very much, because Willie rarely goes to see him without a bag of roasted peanuts, of which Tippoo is very fond. Willie gives him the peanuts one at a time, and Tippoo takes them very carefully, with the thumb and finger, which he has on the end of his trunk, and puts them into his big mouth. One day Willie had bought a bag of cakes for himself, instead of peanuts for Tippoo, with his nickel, and he went to see the other animals, but it was not long till he came around by his big friend, and stood there eating his cakes and looking at him. Tippoo smelled the cakes, and they smelled very nice, and he wanted one, and held out his trunk for it, but Willie shook his head, and stood farther away where he could eat his cakes by himself. Presently the elephant's mouth began to water and he could stand it no longer and he said: "If you will give me one of your cakes I will tell you a story."

"Why, I didn't know that you could talk!" cried Willie in great surprise.

"Hm, I'm a heap bigger and older than you are, and you can talk," replied the elephant.

"That's so," said Willie. "I never thought of that."

"Are you going to give me the cake?" asked the elephant.

Willie handed out a cake, and the elephant popped it into his mouth, and after it was swallowed, asked: "And will you give me another one when the story is finished?"

"Yes, if it is a good story," said Willie, and the elephant began.

"Six hundred years ago when I was a bright young man!"

"Are you as old as that!" interrupted Willie.

"I shall have to charge you three cakes for interrupting me," said the elephant, "and if you do it again I shall not be able to tell it to you at all. For if the keeper catches me talking he will make me talk all the time. He doesn't know that I can."

Willie promised not to interrupt again, and the elephant began again. "Six hundred years ago when I was a bright young man I lived in a charming country in the middle of Africa. I was free then and had nothing to do but bathe myself in the big river there, and eat the tender grass and leaves, and play with my little companions, and we had a lovely time. I suppose I should have been there yet, but I was too kind-hearted. You see one day a large number of black people, with their wives and children, came to live in our country. None of us had ever seen such beings before, except one old elephant, who had lived a long time, and traveled in various parts of the world, and he told us that these people were our deadly enemies, and would soon kill or capture us all, or at least drive us away from our homes. So a great meeting of the elephants was called to talk about the business, and after discussing it all, we determined that there was only one thing to be done—to kill the people, as many of them as we could, and drive the rest away from our country. So it was all arranged, and that night we all formed into a line, and with the wise old elephant at our head, we marched to attack the village of the black people. They had built a number of huts to live in, and put a wall of great stakes all around it. But we rushed against the stakes, and knocked them down very easily, and then ran through the village as hard as we could go, knocking down the huts and trampling on the people as they came running out of them and making terrible havoc. The men had no guns such as people have nowadays, but they had long, sharp spears, and swords, and they hurt some of the elephants. Indeed, four of them were killed, but pretty nearly all the people were killed and the rest ran into the jungle, or climbed up trees and hid. As I was rushing along through the village with the rest, I came across a little black baby, not near so big as you are. Of course what I ought to have done was to step on it and crush it to death, but it was so little and helpless and pretty that I could not bear to kill it; and I picked it up with my trunk and put it on my back, where it would be out of harm's way.

"Then I carried it off to a safe place in the woods and made a nice bed for it out of leaves, and got fruits and other nice things for it to eat, and plenty of water for it to drink, and took good care of it. The other elephants, when they found out I had the baby, wanted to kill it, but I loved the pretty little thing and told them that if one of them injured it I would fight him; and as I was even then big and strong, they concluded it would be better to let me and my baby alone, and so it was saved. But they did not like to be about where it was, so they left me pretty well to myself. I did not care, for I loved the baby, and kept it with me all the time, and it soon learned to love me, and to ride on my back, and were very happy for several years and the baby grew to be a very handsome girl. One day as we were sporting in the river and having a fine time, some men came down the river bank. My baby saw them, and she just stood and watched them. I called and called her, but she would not come, so I ran to her and put her on my back and ran away. The men shot arrows at me, but I was not much hurt, and soon I got to a safe place; but my baby was very unhappy. She was sad and silent and would not eat, and grew thin and weak, and it was not long until I made up my mind what was the matter. She was in love with one of the men, and I saw that she would die if I kept her away from him. So I put her on my back and set out to find the men, for I could not bear to have my baby unhappy. It did not take me long, for I could follow their tracks and when I came to them my baby jumped down from my back and ran to one of them and threw her arms around him as though she had known him all her life, and he threw his arms around her and kissed her, and she went to his hut and became his wife. That made me very sad, for I could hardly bear to have her love him more than me, but I could not leave her, so I stayed, and I was never so happy as when she could ride on my back. But finally she died and then I was very miserable. But here comes the keeper! Give me my cakes! This is the end of the story!" And the elephant would not say another word. So Willie gave him the cakes and went home and told his mother the elephant's story. But she laughed at the idea of the elephant's talking, and said that Willie must have had a dream.

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The average number of horses killed in Spanish bullfights every year exceeds 5,000, while, for from 1,000 to 2,000 bulls are sacrificed. But the horses are always the worst ever seen; crippled old crowbaits that add little to the spectacular glory of the show.

THE LITTLE DOLL PARTY.

BY J. M. WHITSON.

As I passed down the street to my work one day
I saw a number of girls at play.
They were playing doll party; there were dolls galore—
I think there were a dozen or more.
There were dolls that had natural hair
That was brushed and combed with motherly care;
They were dolls of a high degree—
Dolls that came on a Christmas tree.
I stopped and listened to their childish glee;
Their little prattle was pleasant to me.
Someone has said, I cannot tell who,
Though I have hunted my book of quotations through,
That a gladsome thing is the laugh of a child,
And a sadsome thing is the cry of a child.
A little way off I saw a shock of golden hair,
And a little girl rocking in a rocking-chair.
I heard the croon of a little song,
And a childish sob as I passed along;
The croon and the sob melted into a sigh
As she nestled and cuddled her baby-bye.
I stopped and stroked the golden hair,
And said to her, "Why are you sobbing there?
Why in the party have you no share,
You nor your baby-bye?"
She said, "They don't want me over there,
My baby ain't got no real hair,
And its little dress is all full of tear."
Then I thought of that child in the time to come—
How amid life's worry and amid its hum
She would be snubbed in the time to come,
She and her baby-bye.
I sighed to myself as I passed on my way,
I had learned an object lesson that day,
How worth and merit would count for naught
And gold and tinsel alone be sought
Of her and her baby-bye.
Now I sometimes think that the pitiful Christ was standing by;
That He heard that plaintive childish cry;
That He listened to that little tale of woe
As why to the party she didn't go,
And took her away to that great doll party above
Where there is naught of envy but all of love,
Where the sheen of dress or the set of a hat,
Or the fit of a shoe, or the like of that,
Don't decide her standing in that great world,—
Neither she nor her baby-bye.

A TALE OF CATNIP.

Showing How That Herb Baited a Wildcat to Its Death.

BY MRS. MOSES P. HANDY.

Mother had given the Maltese kitten a sprig of catnip, and it was rolling over and over in an ecstasy of delight. Grandmother looked up from her kitting and smiled at the creature's antics.

"Queer how cats like catnip," she said. "And wildcats are just as fond of it. Did I ever tell you about the time I went for a chunk of fire?"

"A chunk of fire? No!" and, scenting a story, the children gathered eagerly around her chair.

"It was when we were early settlers in the Western Reserve, more than sixty years ago. It seems hard to believe now, but it was a serious undertaking then to start a fire. We had no matches, and each family had its tinder box, which was kept on the end of the mantel shelf, and we struck a spark with flint and steel on a bit of charred linen when we wanted a fire. As you may suppose, we took good care not to let our fire go out. Every night before father and mother went to bed the embers in the big kitchen fireplace were drawn together and covered with ashes so as to keep them alive until morning.

"Well, one sharp October morning early, when we went into the kitchen to get breakfast, and mother raked the ashes—behold, the fire had gone out. There had been rain in the night, and it had blown down the chimney so that the ashes were damp.

"'Here's a fine state of things!' said mother; 'no fire, and Mr. Bell borrowed the tinder box yesterday to start a fire in his clearing, and didn't bring it back. Jason, you must go and ask Mrs. Winn for a chunk of fire, and be as quick as you can about it, do you hear?'

"It was no unusual thing to send for a chunk of fire, odd as it may seem now. You had to hurry to keep it alive, and so we had the saying, 'to go for a chunk o' fire' when anybody was in a terrible hurry.

"'Oh, mother, let me go, too,' I exclaimed.

"'Well I don't care; but be quick.'

"So Jason and I—we were twins and always did things together—set off for our fire. The Winns were our nearest neighbors and best friends. The two families had come from Virginia and taken up land together. Our farms joined and the houses were less than three-quarters of a mile apart, up and down first one hill and then another. The sides of the hills next both houses were cleared, but all the rest of the way was thick woods. However, we had lived there some years, and had walked it so often that we never thought of being afraid; there were no Indians and but few wild beasts, and they were seen only at night.

"We found the family at breakfast. Mr. Winn made each of us eat a piece of hot buttered hoecake, while his wife filled the tin pail we had brought with hickory coals and covered them with ashes.

"'I wish you could stay to breakfast,' said she, 'but I know I oughtn't to keep you. Tell your mother my cousin came from Virginia last night and brought me some catnip, and here's half of it for her, to make some catnip tea, for the sake of old times.'

"'Has your father heard anything of a panther about?' asked Mr. Winn. 'Lawson said one had been prowling 'round his sheep pen lately.'

"Both of us pricked up our ears at that. 'No,' we said.

"'Now, Mr. Winn, don't you scare those children. Run along home, dears, and come back when you can stay longer.'

"We set off, not without some misgivings, and walked fast. We were in the middle of the woods, half-way home, when we heard the far-off cry of a wildcat. We had heard it before and knew it at once. There was hope, however, that the animal did not know of our presence in the woods. We hurried on, and had nearly reached our clearing when we heard the cry, fearfully near this time. We fairly flew, and were at our fence when, looking back, we saw the panther, only a few feet behind us. Yes, he was chasing us—were we to be killed so near home and safety? Neither of us could scream; fright always took away my voice and Jason was the same way. All of a sudden I remembered how crazy cats are about catnip—I reckoned God put it into my head—and I flung the bunch square at the beast. It hit him plump in the face, and he stopped with a snarl. We didn't wait to see what he did next, but just jumped over the fence and tore home. Mother was so astonished when we tumbled over each other into the kitchen door.

"'Why, children,' she said, 'I didn't want you should kill yourself hurrying.'

"'The panther, the panther!' we gasped, and somehow between us we told the story. Mother turned pale.

"'Run for your father, Jason. He is plowing in the south lot. What are you doing, Sue?' for Susan, my 18-year-old sister, was taking down father's double-barreled shot gun from the deer horns over the door.

"'Going to have a shot at that panther,' said Sue.

"'You'd better not run any risks.'

"'I won't,' she answered, starting off, as she slipped the shot pouch and powder flask over her head.

"I trotted along after her, for Sue was a first-rate shot, and had killed more than one deer, and I felt sure that our panther was as good as dead already if she once got fair aim at him.

"Sure enough, when we got to the fence, there the beast was rolling over and over for all the world like that kitten was doing just now. He made a splendid mark as he lay on his back, paws up and breast exposed. She let him have both barrels, and shot him right through the heart. He gave one screech, a few kicks, and then lay still, as dead as Hector.

"Father heard the shots and came running in from the field to see what was the matter.

"'Hurrah, daughter,' he said, 'you've done a good day's work. Those ears are worth $5 at the courthouse, and the pelt is worth money, too, if you want to sell it, but I reckon you won't.'

"'Father,' said Jason, 'oughtn't 'Liza and me to have part of the money? We tolled the painter here.'

"Then we all laughed."

She let him have both barrels.

QUIET GAMES.

Amusements for a Young Invalid, Also Suitable for Evenings in the Drawing Room.

"I know a nice game for restless Tom," remarked Alice in behalf of her athletic young cousin, confined to his sofa with a sprained foot.

"I think Tom could do it, too, she added, anxious to bring her accomplishments down to Tom's level. She told them about a game in which each one of the party should name, as his turn came, some person in history or fiction, whose name began with "A," then in the next round some one whose name began with "B," and so on through the alphabet.

"Adam," cried Tom, and the game was started, and even Aunt Selina, who was knitting one corner, joined in with interest. Things went swimmingly and fast, without calling forth any rarer names than Adonis or Fenelon on through the alphabet.

"U" was so hard that Aunt Senlina made them laugh by giving Miss Ullin—her Ullin's daughter was the celebrity she referred to. The "X" list was only partially made out, although one girl covered herself with glory by following up St. Francis Xavier with Candinal Ximines, a dignitary that but for her would have been surely lost to the game. "Z" they managed very well by admitting Zebedee, though no one could tell who he was beyond being the distinguished father of Zebedee's children.

By this time even Tom was ready to launch into wild feats of intellectual prowess, and Jennie ventured to propose a game she had hesitated about at first. It was cento verses—stanzas to be made up of lines taken from different authors, and got together so as to make sense, or at least nonsense. She repeated the following one that she had helped concoct the last time she had played the game:

Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow,
The frog he would a-wooing go,
None but the brave deserve the fair,
And Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair.

They all got pencil and paper and gathered together in groups to try and equal or surpass this wonderful medley; no one was forbidden to get help where he could, and two or three people generally concentered their energy and learning on one production. These are some of the results:

O, young Lochinvar is coming out of the west,
Whence all but him had fled,
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
Nobody asked you, sir, she said.

That was pretty bad, but the next was better:

At midnight in his guarded tent,
Across the sands o' Dee,
The child of Elle to his garden went,
And a jolly old soul was he.

A little more coherent still was the following:

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
For thirsty and hot was he,
With Lady Clare upon the hill,
Under the greenwood tree.

"Well, I think it is easier to make verses yourself than to try and patch things together this way," said Aunt Selina; "we used to play "Oracles" when I was young."

"O tell us how," "Teach that to us," exclaimed different voices, so now they set about playing Aunt Selina's game: each one wrote a question on one slip of paper and a word on another, and then all the questions were dropped in one hat and all the words in another, and from each every person drew; the game was now that each should write a verse answering the question he or she held, and using in it the word. Tom's question was "are men or women more constant?" and his word, word. He worked with knitted brow till he had produced this:

O, don't say a word
It makes such a pother,
It's six of the one,
And half a dozen of t'other.

Aunt Selina herself drew "When shall we three meet again?" and her word was pea soup; she was as proud as any of the young ones when she read out:

When the dinner bell rings,
And the pea soup is hot,
If you come when I come
We'll meet on the spot.

But the highest honors were accorded Alice, who was lucky enough to get a question wonderfully suited to her literary learning, and who used her opportunity brilliantly. Her question was "Who killed Cock Robin?" and her word grand.

She evolved this impressive stanza:

He was killed in a grand free fight;
O, it was an awful sight
No one knew who dealt the blow
That laid the poor young songster low.

Lord High Execut'oner.

What do you think of this chap? He is stuck all over with spikes and looks worse

A FORMIDABLE MAKE-UP.

than a sandbagger. He is the lord high executioner of the state of Rewah, in central India. When a doomed man is turned over to him he receives no mercy.

In Australia spring begins Aug. 20, summer, Nov. 20; autumn, Feb. 20, and winter, May 20.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

HYPNOTISM Taught by Mail.
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SYNOPSIS.

[Eva Marston and Mrs. Rutherford, of Ohio, old schoolmates, meet in Richard Rutherford's home. Both had a young child. Eva's husband died, and she is nearly penniless, while Phillip, the son of Mrs. Rutherford, is possibly deformed. The two families, Marston and Rutherford, are long Mrs. Rutherford confesses to Mrs. Marston that in marrying Mr. Rutherford she is now dead, she had turned away from her child, a girl, because it was deaf and dumb, and had hired another baby. Shortly after the birth of Phillip she had won a grandchild for Mr. Rutherford, and later Richard Marston and Phillip Rutherford were born on the same day. Mrs. Rutherford is very much attached to the child, an orphan niece, a beautiful young woman, comes to live at the home. Her father, from The Oaks lives a blind old man and his daughter Cora, who loves Richard Marston, who, out of pity, gives them money. Richard Marston's father and Ben Hamilton and is accepted. He refuses to become the equity of Cora and Phillip, the girl he loves, is his benefactor. Mrs. Rutherford dies, and Cora's grandfather is found dead on the porch. Cora refuses to live with Mrs. Marston, and goes to live with Mrs. Rutherford

IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

TELLING A STORY.

There Are Times When It Is Somewhat Difficult.

Johnson was dealing when Bixby began to tell his yarn.

"I heard a funny story today," he said, "if I may be allowed to call it so. I don't really see anything to laugh at in it myself, but I was telling it, and he got all the points, of course, much better than I can. No one in Kentucky can tell a better story than Williams, I don't care myself to be much, of a story-teller myself, you know."

"Then do, Bixby," asked Dudley.

"Well, as he was dealing he had played a trump of low strength in his lone. When all other players began shoving the cards like mad.

"The story was something like this," he said. "Dudlitte was a private in the war. It was at the battle of Antietam. He was a big, powerful fellow, and a splendid shot. He was young, and——"

"Don't see how any of anything this story," said Johnson.

"Your ante," said Butler to Bixby.

Bixby added "the short cards along," he said, "and took off Poteet's pot. He saw Dudlitte beat him and called to him to halt.

"'I'm in,' said Walters.

"'Raise it a couple of reds,'" said Butler.

Bixby picked up three eights and stood pat.

"Who was Dudlitte?" asked Johnson.

"Why, he was the fellow that was carrying the flag, wasn't he?"

Bixby's been telling a story," said Williams.

"What's the point?" said Butler.

"Why, he said," said Bixby, "that Dudlitte picked up the flag when it fell, and he saw that the staff was cut off when it was hit, and he was carrying him back at the time."

"I've got six cards," said Williams to Johnson.

"Two, and two or three others, "give us two more."

"But I've got through with it," explained Bixby.

"Oh, have you?" said Williams. "That's good."

A Shattered Love.

The night is calm.
Splash! Splash! Splash! With a rhythmic motion, the waters of the lake softly caress the white sands of the beach.

Through the moonlight a figure glides shadow-like along, wavy white hair waves. Her small white hand rested tenderly in his broad palm. Taking a dainty circlet of gold from a pocket of his waistcoat, with trembling fingers he placed it on a taper of her hand.

"Dere, my darling, it is our engagement ring," he whispered fondly.

"Oh, Harold!" she exclaimed, "it is just like the one he gave——"

She stopped abruptly, and as the moonlight, streaming through the foliage of the pines, fell upon her face, a sudden absence of color was noticeable.

"And that one, dere has been another! Her words had brought him to the fact and there was angry gleam in his eyes.

"No—yes—I—I—" she faltered, struggling vainly for words for composure.

"The truth, woman, let me have the truth!" he hissed, seizing her wrist in a grip of iron.

"Oh, Harold, forgive me, I beseech you!" She was on her knees imploring in a sobbing voice. "Forgive me, I will confess all. We had been engaged. I opposed him. One night, a night like this, he gave me a ring. Then he left for Antietem——"

"And that ring—did you return it?" he asked, eagerly.

"Alas, no! I never saw him afterward. Harold, my love, forgive me. Believe me, I never loved him. Here, in the moonlight, I swear it." Convulsively she entwined her arms around his neck, while he bent his head, pouring down her pale cheeks.

"Away, woman!" he cried, pitilessly thrusting the slight figure from him. "You have played me false. That ring on your finger is the same he gave you. I bought it today as a pawnshop where it had been left by a soldier who had pawned it before departing for the front. Goddie Gotrox, the heiress, but Gertie Cole by day, the telegraph operator."

Turning on his heel, he strode away, leaving her alone in the night. Far from the city, without a sou in her purse to pay her fare on the trolley car.—Up-to-Date.

His Request.

"You have scarcely spoken to me at all this evening, Miss Cayenne," said Mr. Peach. "I—I hope you haven't seen my husband returned, apologetically. "I just was trying to think of something to say."

"Is there anything on your mind?"

"Yes, I—I—I love you, Miss Cayenne."

"Can't help you in some way?"

"Perhaps you can. I suppose I should like to consult a lawyer."

"Tell me about it. It is my duty to advise people in my husband's absence."

"It is my birthday anniversary you gave me a box on the ear."

"Well, and now you are going to say that it makes a horrid noise and that you don't want to write with it."

"I am not going to say anything of the kind," he replied, sternly. "I'm going to write with that pen every day of my life. I'm going to have it framed and hang it up like a text."

"What is it?"

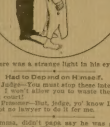
"Please make me a suit of overalls to go with it."

Too Sharp Dat.

Museum Manager—The sword-swallower quits on Saturday.

Same—You he quarreled with the fat lady, and she made him eat his own words.

From a Novel.



"There was a strange light in his eyes."

Had to Depend on Himself.

The Editor—You must stop these interruptions! I won't allow you to waste the time of the staff in this way.

The Proof-reader—But, judge, yo' know I done had to get up and call 'fo' de staff.

"Mamma, didn't papa say he was going to a stag party? What is a stag party?"

"It is a party, dear, that is so called because the men that are necessary to satisfy its thirst."

THE MILKY WAY.

BY JOSEPH KERR.

They gazed into the starry sky,
Straight at the Milky Way,
She, wondering, asked him, for and by,
"Has that milk got sour, say?"

They gazed upon the milky way—
He said it was adorable.
"But, Gosling, if that milk has no whey,
It, what a pile of curd!"

They still gazed on the milky way—
He gave her hand a squeeze.
"Dearest, if curd is made from whey,
Pussy! make an awful cheese!"

Then he gathered her with fervent ardor;
She loved him, and he knew it.
"I don't mind make a cheap cheese cover
If this is the whey you do it!"

Lost a Necessity.

Herdzoo—Bailey is going to give up ball playing.

Sayso—What's the matter?

Herdzoo—Lost his companion.

TINKERDAM CORNERS COURT.

BY C. E. G. PHABODY.

"This year coin is more ready for business" said the Justice, as he mounted the

SO NEAR.

Ellis—Do you know, I came near being smothered last night?
Sinis—Indeed! How did the kisses come to give out?

cracker box. "What's on the docket, mister clerk?"

"Sam Skinner, stealin' a hog," read the clerk.

"Stealin a big sh? Wal, jes' make that ther paper red hogs. This year sote not a hog hisself last week."

"Silence in the court," excited voice.

"Wal, I swan, who mite ye be?" exclaimed the astonished Justice, as his eye fell upon a tall, lank man at the door.

"I'm Sid Jones, an' I've come to defend the prisoner," said the man, as he strode the city to see that justice is done?"

"Sho, wal, I swan! I hain ain't gone an' hired a city lawyer with store clothes, ter come down yere an' try her monkey with this yere case! Wal, ye squeal! This yere court is a-goin' ter fine ye!"

"Silence, there, stand up! Do ye've got ter stand," shouted the city attorney.

"Ye squeal!"

"Squeal, gol darn yer cheery hide! Yer fined one sack of spuds for contempt of cote, an' if them yere spuds ain't toted hyar by sundown I'll fine ye another one, bud, in time for the cote's breakfast. I'll show ye how ter run this yere cote, an' ye squeal, ye! A shet of nonsense!"

Sam Skinner, this year cote finds ye guilty, an' fine ye—"

"I ain't got no hog," whined Sam, "an' bit is the fust time I've been in cote."

"Shet fool's ex, Sam; I hadn't thought of that. I'll fine ye a hog, an' ye can pay it off at de rate of one week's work per hog. This year cote knows his bisness."

"Court adjourned for dinner," said the clerk.

"Wal, I swan, if thet pesky city chap ain't tryin' ter monkey with this yere cote again! Yer fined one hog fer not squitchin' when the cote tells ye ter, an' ye'll git another hog fer jes' yer cheek in the hands of them, an' I'll show ye how ter run this yere cote, I guy'ss an' actin' like ye will have them yer clothes thet yer yere's a-wearin', fer services rendered. This yere cote is now adjourned, an' as soon as the old man can git down from the tree where he's roostin' an' get his coat off, he stands ready ter uphold the dignity an' majesty of yer United States!"

Instant Success.

"I am but an humble poet," said Alphonse. "But a little of my work has always proved beneficial to other young writers. When I was starting out I had a poem accepted at once with brief, terse and appreciative notes. Both disappeared. A poem entitled 'Lines' was given a send-off. One named 'We Could Never Meet Again' was sent back inside of a week. 'My Love' was returned and 'My Proposal' rejected. Finally in despair I dashed off and mailed 'My Umbrella.' It was not returned."

Comment.

Maud—Cholly hasn't been quite himself of late.

Rose—No? I hadn't noticed any improvement.

ALIMONY.

BY D. A. ELLSWORTH.

I had often imagined the scene:
How Peter would come to my side,
Her attendance in waiting between,
And I'd hear her heart beating over the white,
I'd feel behind it time and again,
And I'd know that I'd conquered at last,
When Peter is weak!

And locked it was all very fine;
Its realization, in truth,
Rather fewer than those fancies of mine
Were quite able to picture, forsooth.
My love grew the fonder the more
As I thousand a year' twas he said—
That kind of love will I be of him,
When Peter is weak!

OFFICERS PERPLEXED.

Confronted With a Problem at Chatsanooga.

I entered nop study one cold morning to find my faithful but not over-energetic black sexton, John King, comfortably enscouced in an arm-chair before my fire-screen, as usual. He awoke as I moved about, and, with his usual good-natured grin, picked up a magazine which had fallen from his hand when he fell into the arms of Morpheus.

"I was you got a pictur' o' ole Rus'cranan bush, Mist' Thomson. I was jes waitin' to see how long it would be fo' you seen I was a fell' sleep."

"Did you know General Rascranan?" I asked, rather doubtingly.

"Dwell it does kine 'em," replied John, grinning.

"You see, Mist' Thomson, 'twus down to Chattanoga durin' de wah. I was jes a boy, an' was called boy, runnin' round de camp, an' one day I come to whah a lot o' nogers was a-fishin' in de Tennessee rivah. Dey didn' seem to be ketchin' anything, an' dey begin to ho'n fun fo' me.

"'Hello, coon, what kin you do?' sez one o' dem nogers.

"'Kin do lots,' says I back to 'im.

"'You cain't shoot a gun,' says anudder nigger.

"'Kin, too,' says I.

"'Bet you couldn't hit anything,' he says.

He—Cold wind today, Mrs. Tubbs.
She—Yes, sir, it is. But it suits me—so embracing!

He bunsed ax me what I fev de shot fir, an' I told 'im sarey I kin do dat, dat de nogers tole me he dey.

"'Wal, I swan, if dat non, an' den pull his hat down over his eyebrer an' mudder. Den he says to de cap'n:

"'Cap'n, kin I bring 'im to me fur? I don' know was to do wid 'im.'

"'Why, sho,' says he.

"I'll jes take 'im to de gen'ral, an' let 'im fix 'im up fo' de camp.'

"He said me sof' awful nacher, an' took me to de gen'ral. I tole 'im I was de boy fo' your kine.

"Dey tole 'im what I done, an' as 'im what fev to do, an' de gen'ral Dutchman he was awful mad. He jes pull 'e red hair out an' stamp 'e foot down in de tent, an' talk to me awful bigger'n I was a-speak ob', so's 'e could understan' 'im, I guess. Bime' 'bye 'e bring 'im to me fo' eff, an' I no dun'n know what 'e do. He cum up to me, an' say:

"'I fever I kin' know what de wid you.'

"I tole 'im I kin.

"'Den I you cun ting I as de wid you, anyway,' sar he jes agin me by de collar an' fling me on de groun'. Den his coat an' he jes' knot me ad ovah de grass wid his big arms' knot.

"It a' 'e bye he git tired wil swearin' 'e kin'ly ob, an' he say:

"'Dat de bes' ole cuss I knows, an' don' you go fer'n no nogers ob' me, hear?'

"Wal I knows on Brer Mist' Thomson; dead I does. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed John, as he took up his dusting brush and moved away. And my thoughtful elder, who likewise was dusting the recital, remarked:

"And do we know what to do with him yet?"

Fashion.

The seat of the pants is now worn behind, instead of in front, as formerly.

Straw hats should be made so that the straws may be pulled off by hostesses or maid servants.

The clubman's Prince Albert is worn full.

Women's bonnets are higher than previously.

Trousers should be about seventeen inches at the knee, sixteen inches at the thigh, and the top varies from thirty to sixty inches from the bottom.

The capitalist's favorite necktwear is waterfall silk.

The stovepipe-hand is still the favorite with the fashionable negligee.

Ruchies, worn before, are now worn behind.

The shoes of the wealthy have holes at the top, those of the poor in the bottom.

Women's pockets are now placed in the back instead of in the skirt, instead of in the northwest, as formerly.

CAN'T LOSE HIM.

The man who used to ask us if
He'd had enough has gone;
To do his share at bringing down
The high cost of living.

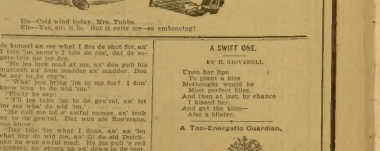
The man who used to tell us jokes
That we had heard before
Has gone away to plead our flag
Upon the Cuban shore.

But there's one nuisance with us yet,
As he will always be;
The man who thinks that hops right
Or spitting coins ring the sea.

Expensive Words.

Weary Willie (reading)—Tennyson, de poet, used to git a dollar a word.

Hungry Higgins—Dat's all right about de words, but I want ter git—when I passed the judge.



That Tired Feeling is due to improvident blood, which is impoverished and lacks vitality. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. Cure biliousness.

"What a delicate-looking child Mrs. Rickrack's third is!"

"Delicate! That's the child that bosses the whole family."

A SWIFT ONE.

BY H. GIOVANOLI.

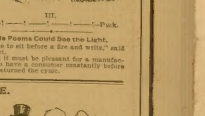
Upon her lips I press a kiss
Methought would be
Most perfect bliss.
And then at last, by chance
I kissed her.
And got the bliss—
Also a blister.

A Too-Energetic Guardian.

Mr. Summerville (to visitors)—Yes; it is a very valuable apple tree. The boys in this neighborhood are regular thieves and I've bribed Grip there to keep them from stealing the fruit. He's a protective dog.

II.

Mr. Summerville—By Jingo! There's a boy getting over the fence now. Step back here and see the fun.



III.

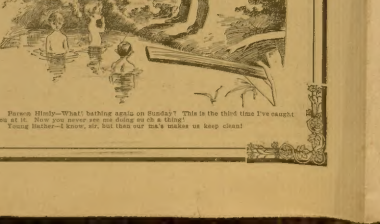
Puck.

His Poems Could See the Light.

"I like to sit before a fire and write," said the poet.

"Yes; it must be pleasant for a manufacturer to have a customer constantly before him," returned the cynic.

IMPERATIVE.



Parson Hindy—What! bathing again on Sunday? This is the third time I've caught you at it. Now you never see me doing an th ing thing!
Young Bather—I know, sir, but then our ma's makes us keep clean!

"A Little Something on the Side."

the rules. He drew a fourth and won the game. "Now, Bixby," he said, "proceed with your story."

"Dudlitte, I was telling you, was carrying the flag. He was shot in the leg, and fell. Dudlitte picked up the flag, and was carrying it back to the ambulance——"

"I had three kings to go," said Williams, suffering the interruption.

"I had a straight four-flush," said Johnson, badly.

"Dudlitte lifted him up," continued Bixby, "and——"

"Going to shuffle the spots off the cards?" asked Butler.

Bixby started to deal. "Dudlitte was carrying him back," he said, "with his head hanging over his shoulder, when along came another shell and——"

"Your number reach," said Williams. He got it. While the hand was being played the narrative was resumed by Bixby, who had stopped only to take a drink.

"Just then," said Bixby, "another shell came along and took off Dudlitte's head. Dudlitte didn't see it."

"Where was it?" asked Butler, politely.

"At Antietam," answered Bixby. "Dudlitte didn't see it coming, and kept right on trying Poteet's back to the ambulance. He said he had his foot shot off. He was being carried with the ambulance——"

Butler picked up three aces. "I'm in for a stretch," he said. Johnson raised him ten. He now it and raised back. Johnson raised it back. Williams saw the raise. Johnson read over his cards. They looked hop and scratchingly at Johnson. There was a curious eagerness in the silence. Bixby turned to Williams.

"Dudlitte," he said, "didn't know that Forrest's head had been shot off."

"Why didn't he know it?" Williams absently asked, watching the players.

"Because Forrest was not carrying the flag. He was not carrying his back toward the ambulance. Private Canfield came along and said to Dudlitte——"

"What have you got there?"

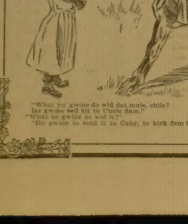
"It's Lieutenant Forrest," said Dudlitte. I'm taking his back to the ambulance."

"Private Canfield looked at Forrest's remains with a head shot off," asked Private Canfield.

"I can," said Butler, shortly to the chief. Johnson won and Bixby picked up the cards to deal again.

"Private Canfield," he said, "wanted to know what Dudlitte was doing with Forrest's head, and he told him he was carrying Dudlitte. The wounded fool had shot off his head."

Bixby pounded the table and laughed heartily. The companions looked at him wonderingly.



"What yo' gwine do wid dat mule, chile?"
Ike gwine sell hit to Uncle Sam."
"What he gwine do wid it?"
"He gwine to send it to Cuby, to kick dem Spanish forts to pieces."